

## **Kidz Bop Kids**

# **"Put Your Records On"**

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Three little birds sat on my window  
And they told me I don't need to worry  
Summer came like cinnamon so sweet  
Little girls double dutch on the concrete

Maybe sometimes we get it wrong but it's alright  
The more things seem to change  
The more they stay the same  
Don't you hesitate

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favorite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down  
You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

Blue as the sky, somebody lonely  
Sipping tea in the bar by the roadside, just relax, just  
relax  
Don't you let those other boys fool you  
Got to love that afro hairdo

Maybe sometimes we feel afraid but it's alright  
The more you stay the same  
The more they seem to change  
Don't you think it's strange?

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favorite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down  
You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

Just more than I could take, pity for pity's sake  
Some nights kept me awake, I thought that I was  
stronger  
When you gonna realize that you don't even have to try  
any longer?  
Do what you want to

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favorite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down

Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favorite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down  
Ooh, you're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

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